

Mechanical Poet, Lamplighter

A lonely foggy place
A small deserted space
Abandoned barren lost in slum
A close full of dump

A faint shine of stars
A wail of police cars
Graffiti walls and wire-nettings
Round a glowing lamp

From dusk till early dawn
The lamp-post stays alone
A sole passer goes past
Dissolving in the night

The tramps in dirty suits
The gangs of reckless youths
Some strangers step into
And out of the light

Day is over, sun is down
Empty streets of sleeping town
Latest hope is going to expire
Road is gone and time is out
Tired mind is full of doubt
But somebody always starts a fire

By nights some barren sprite
Turns on the lamp-post bright
The gutter kids espied his work
But no one saw his face

A gleaming yellow eye
When fear is drawing nigh
A small lighthouse in urban maze
Can help to find the trace

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